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Trinity Tablet, March 10, 1900

Trinity College

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THE TRINITY TABLET

ESTABLISHED APRIL 11 1868

TRINITY COLLEGE
VOL. XXXIII.

MARCH 10 1900
No. 7

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HARTFORD
CONN.



TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, CONN.

THIS College was chartered by the state of Connecticut in 1823, and as this result was chiefly due to the activity and sagacity of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Brownell, he may justly be regarded as its founder. This college does only college work. There is no divinity, law, medical or other professional school connected with it, as it is intended to give a liberal Education, adapted to fit young men to enter most advantageously upon the study of the Learned Professions or a business career after graduation. Its course of study is therefore conservative, adhering to that system which long experience has shown to be most effective. In all essential respects its course of study is similar to that of the leading American Colleges, its requirements for admission with those at Harvard and the twelve associated colleges, of which this college is one, according to the schedule adopted by them some years ago. Its situation is elevated, commanding a beautiful view, and very salubrious. Its buildings are new and unsurpassed for convenience and comfort.

COURSES OF INSTRUCTIONS.

The college offers four courses of instruction, viz.: I. A COURSE IN ARTS; II. A COURSE IN LETTERS AND SCIENCE; III. A COURSE IN SCIENCE; IV. A COURSE IN LETTERS.

The courses extend over four years, with the exception of the Course in Science, which is completed in three years.

Students completing the Course in Arts receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Students completing the Course in Letters and Science, of the Course in Science, receive the degree of Bachelor of Science, those completing the course in Letters receive the degree of Bachelor of Letters.

Students who do not propose to pursue all the studies of any of the regular courses are permitted, under the name of Special Students, to recite with any class in such studies as, upon examination, they are found qualified to pursue.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

There are numerous Scholarships. These differ in value, some remitting the charge for tuition, and others both the charge for tuition and that for room-rent in whole or in part. For holders of Scholarships remitting the entire charges for tuition and room-rent, the Treasurer's bills are reduced to \$42.50; and the necessary expense of such students including board and other personal items will not exceed \$250, or \$300 a year.

For Catalogues apply to the President or Secretary of the Faculty.

The Trinity Tablet

VOL. XXXIII

MARCH 10 1900

No. 7

Published every three weeks during the college year

EDITORS

JAMES ALBERT WALES, 1901,

Managing Editor

THEOPHILUS MINTON SYPHAX, 1902,

Business Manager

AUGUSTUS TALCOTT WYNKOOP, 1901, *Literary Editor*

THOMAS PROSSOR BROWNE, JR., 1900

JAMES MOSGROVE HUDSON, 1901

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EDITORIALS

THE Tablet, at sometime in each college year, has through force of circumstances addressed an editorial to its readers, asking that subscriptions be paid in as soon as possible. In like manner, principally to follow this worthy precedent of course, and as a side issue, to impress on the minds of all the absolute necessity of funds for its maintenance, it again reminds subscribers of their duty. There is no occasion to go into detail and explain the whys and wherefores, for we all understand "the theory of exchange," but THE TABLET simply asks you to support it as loyally as you would other college organizations by paying your subscriptions "as soon as possible."

THE prospects for the approaching baseball season, at the present writing, seem very bright. We have an abundance of first-class material in college. We have a captain filled with enthusiasm for his work, with a determination to make the team successful. We have a coach who thoroughly understands his business, who has started in with vim to develop the team. The men are working hard, practising daily in the cage preparatory to outdoor work, and all are working in harmony and with enthusiasm. The schedule as far as completed is excellent, and we are going to have a "skinned diamond." What remains to make the baseball season of 1900 a credit to the college? Nothing but the personal interest and support of every individual man in college. Let us all show our appreciation of the team's work, step forward with financial and moral support, attend practice, and show the men that we are in sympathy with them. If we do this there is no reason why we should not turn out a nine that will do credit to the college. At least, let us do our part. Trust the team for the rest, and it will be done.

* * * * *

WE understand that among other changes next year, the reading-room is to be transferred from its present quarters in Middle Jarvis to the "cabinet," where it will become a part of the Library. Since the large and centrally located suite of rooms in the Middle section is to be thus vacated, THE TABLET suggests that these rooms be utilized as a well appointed reception room, with, if possible, an office or general information bureau in connection. The college has, as it is, absolutely no provision of this kind. At present, visitors are put to the annoyance of stopping passers-by on the walk and inquiring of them where such and such a person may be found, and even then their troubles are not over, for after directions have been given it is a difficult matter to find a particular room

in a building which stretches for an eighth of a mile in apparently unbroken sameness. A reception room such as we speak of would do away with all this difficulty by affording a place to which strangers might go and have their wants attended to with as little inconvenience as possible.

* * * * *

THIS year we must set to work on the task of reviving the old tennis association—we can no longer put this question off. It is a well-known fact that the Intercollegiate Tennis Association was founded at Trinity, but from the present condition of the courts and tennis spirit in general we would scarcely believe it. We cannot afford to let this state of affairs drag through another year. THE TABLET wants to see organized effort begun at once and hearty support given to the movement. Then in the spring the courts can be put in order and a college tournament arranged. After this the winners can play in intercollegiate contests. In this way interest in the matter will be sustained and the association given support. It is the duty of the committee appointed on this matter to start to work at once.

* * * * *

AMONG the many beneficial results of our new library system, none has been of more importance than the overhauling and examination of our splendid collection of government documents. With possibly three or four exceptions this collection is the best in the country and could not be duplicated for \$50,000. For years these volumes have been lying in out-of-the-way corners of the biological laboratory, unnoticed. However, the neglect of this collection and its supposed uselessness have been its safeguard, for if an unscrupulous student had known what a gold mine was ready to

hand, he could have, by judiciously selecting fifteen or twenty volumes, realized from their sale a sufficient amount to have comfortably paid his expenses during his college course. It was only the other day that our librarian in passing through one of the storerooms noticed a book lying on the floor and on picking it up found it to be a copy which had recently sold for over one hundred dollars. Such gems, however, are no longer carelessly scattered about. The most valuable have been collected and are now safely secured. Thanks to the ignorance of the many and the honesty of the few we still have this collection intact.

* * * * *

THE acceptance of the invitation received from the University of Pennsylvania to compete in the inter-collegiate relay races would give track athletes a much needed stimulus. For the past three or four years interest in this branch of athletics has been steadily decreasing, until at present almost nothing is done in this line. This state of things should not be allowed to continue. Of course, we are handicapped by the lack of a good track and other training facilities, but there is at present considerable material in college from which, even with the limited means at our command, a strong team might be developed. The great question hitherto has been to arouse the interest of the student body, and to make it an object for men to come out and train. The acceptance of this challenge would seem to furnish the necessary stimulus, and all that would then remain to insure the success of the team would be for the college body to give it its hearty and enthusiastic support.

THE BIRTH OF THE SNOWFLAKES

OH, the North Wind loved an Eastern Breeze,
And he followed her high and low;
But this child of the East was coy and shy,
And she hid when the North did blow.

Still old Boreas loved, and a wild desire
Thrilled his heart for the Zephyr fair;
But she ever escaped from his cold embrace,
And dissolved into thinner air.

Till in aimless quest he had wandered far
From the lands where the rivers freeze,
And he found her still languid with moisture warm,
From her bath in the summer seas.

Then he folded her close to his icy breast,
And she cried with a wild despair,
For his kisses froze on her shrinking lips,
Changing to snowflakes so cold and fair.

Edmund Crawford Thomas.

A VICTIM OF THE ELEMENTS.

IT was one of those wild, windy, blustery nights in March. Great gusts of howling wind swept in aimless vagary across the hard, frozen ground, catching up loose articles of all kinds and dashing them to and' fro with reckless force. The pale moon was slowly rising from behind the eastern hills, its light partially obscured by masses of black, swiftly-gliding clouds, avenging spirits of the night, which pressed ever onwards in unceasing procession.

Peter Atwood was standing alone on the porch of his father's lonely farmhouse, looking up in questioning calculation at the

stormy clouds and listening to the moan of the fitful blasts. As he stood there, lost in admiration of the wild scene, the village clock rang out from the distance in measured cadence, slowly tolling twelve. Peter shuddered, and started to close the door. Suddenly he paused. He seemed to hear a faint shriek from the rear of the house — like a human being in distress. For a moment he waited, listening intently. The sound was not repeated — he told himself that it was only his imagination, and tried to forget about it. But for some reason he could not fight off a certain undefinable presentment of danger, which was slowly creeping upon him. Even the trees, with their leafless limbs, appeared gruesome and fantastic in the dim light of the clouded moon.

He closed the door, and started upstairs. His parents and his brother, who constituted the rest of the little household, had long since retired. He quickly reached his room in the third story rear, the window of which looked down upon the barnyard. He walked to the window and looked out. To his surprise he saw what looked to be a figure of some sort moving rapidly about the yard. It seemed to be an animal of rather stocky shape, running back and forth. As he continued to look, the animal stopped, then turned and ran off to another corner of the yard. He could not accurately gauge its size from where he stood, partly on account of the distance and partly on account of the obscurity of the night, for the moon was now totally overcast by clouds. Still, the creature appeared too large for a muskrat, but hardly of the right size for a wildcat. Strangely enough, it did not leave the yard, but continued to run back and forth, occasionally pausing as if to listen, then turning sharply and scampering off in another direction. Now and then it would appear to raise itself erect and utter a harsh groan.

"Well, this beats me," said Peter, "I think I'll have to wake up John — he's our crack shot, and perhaps he can bring down this strange game."

It was the work of only a few moments to wake his brother, who was sleeping in the same room, and bring him to the window. He, too, marvelled at the gyrations of the strange animal.

"Let's wake up father."

This was accordingly done, but the old man, being nearsighted, could give them no additional light on the subject. The animal was still prancing around the yard.

"It seems to me, boys, that this must be a young wildcat. Get your shotgun, John, and see if you can shoot him. You know the county is offering thirty dollars for every wildcat skin. I'll get a club, and you, Peter, can use the pitchfork I brought in to-night."

In a very short time the party had slipped into some clothes and secured their weapons. As they opened the back door a gust of wind suddenly slammed it shut in their faces. A second attempt was successful, and they stepped out upon the frozen ground. The strange animal was nowhere in sight. They had looked around in amazement for a moment or so—it was nearly pitch dark now—and were just about to re-enter the house, when suddenly John clutched his father's arm :

"Look out ! Here it comes now !" He had spoken correctly, for the strange animal was coming around a corner of the barn at a rapid rate, bearing straight down upon them. For a moment John seemed paralyzed with fear, then his brother cried : "Shoot !" and he blazed away, but with no apparent effect on the apparition, which kept approaching and growing larger. A second shot, however, arrested its progress immediately. The party ran up in triumph to view the result of their work. Peter was about to stab the body with his pitchfork to make its death certain, when all at once he stopped—something about the inanimate object had attracted his attention. Quickly bending over, he drew his hand across it. Then he jumped back with a startled gesture, as if in horror, and blurted out :

“For heaven’s sake!”

“What is it, Peter?—— Speak, speak quick!”

Peter took his brother by the arm and led him to the place where the body had fallen, at the same time pointing to it. Then he turned to his brother:

“Gosh, John, *you’ve shot the ash-can!*”

James Albert Wales.

A SONG OF SUNSET

OVER the sea,
Thou with me,
In our fairy bark we glide;
Sure and swift
Ocean’s drift
Wafts us on its flowing tide.

Over head
Sun has fled,
Stars shine thro’ the robe of night;
Night or day,
Soft away
Steal from out true lovers’ sight.

Never know
How they go,
Day or night, the sun or star,
Lovers who
Loving true
Flee the world of earth afar.

O'er the sky,
Floating high,
Cloudlets small in evening's breast
Sweet and soft,
There aloft,
Feathery films where star beams rest.

But our bark
Through the dark
Over the rippling sea waves dances ;
While the fair
Western air
Holds the dying sunbeams' glances.

From the lee
Sweet the sea
Sparkles bright with star-lit rays ;
While the wind
Soft behind
Sobs a minstrel's dreamy lays.

O, to be
On the sea
Ever more at sunset time,
When to rest
Down the west
Sinks the day of summer's prime !

Sweet and fair,
Need we care
How life rocks us on its sea,
If its waves
Make us graves
Where I may lie close to thee ?

Hervey Boardman Vanderbogart.

SONNETS

I

LOW falls the eastern twilight. Lower falls
Night's darkening shadow o'er the dust-robed town ;
And darkness' sable mantle sinking down
Enshrouds in gloom these hot and fetid walls.
O heart of mine, what yearning in thee calls
Through this slow dying day to slumber's crown
In deep eternal silence, where no frown
Of sorrow meets thee in death's barren halls?

Pain, hard and bitter pain, thy breath is keen
And in my inmost fibres burns and sears:
And sadly, day by day, my life between
Two boundless depths is hovering — one serene
With all the stillness of eternal years,
The other dark with mysteries unseen.

II

Day after day my life is dying slow;
Day after day my flesh doth fall to dust.
Life sheds itself by small degrees, as rust
Consumes the hardest iron. Yet I know
Long years must pass ere death can ease my woe.
What hope, what haven, have I which to trust ?
My failing strength burns with a bitter lust,
And feeds upon itself in hunger so.

Within Time's night God sits alone in glory,
Alone afar from man and hears no prayer;
Or surely not in vain my bitter story
Had been out-breathed in unsubstantial air.
That God rejoices through the ages hoary
In man's deep sufferings from his heaven there.

Hervey Boardman Vanderbogart.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS

At a meeting of the class of 1901, February 26, the following officers were elected: President, J. M. Walker; Vice President, Waterman; Secretary and Treasurer, Fiske. The report of the Junior Ball Committee was read, showing a very nearly balanced account.

The back numbers of the "Ivy" needed to complete the set in the college library have been most kindly presented by President Smith. This gift is highly appreciated, as there was danger of the files remaining incomplete. There are still a number of TABLETS missing.

On February 28, Ash Wednesday, all college recitations and lectures were suspended. Chapel services were held in the morning at 9:15, and in the afternoon at 5 o'clock. Attendance was compulsory at morning chapel.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, held on February 24, the project of sending a relay team to the University of Pennsylvania games, April 28, was discussed, and the report of the committee on changing the football and baseball sweaters was read. The report of the football management for the past fall was read and will be published later.

At the annual meeting of the delegates to the Intercollegiate Athletic Association of America, held in New York a short time ago, the resignation of Trinity was read and accepted.

The track team is practising daily in the gymnasium, and the relay team, which may be sent to the University of Pennsylvania games, will be picked from the men now in training. There is no reason why Trinity should not be well represented at these games, as there are several men exceptionally good in the quarter-mile.

Down in the cage the baseball men are hard at work every day under coach Hodson. There is most excellent material for the team, and by the way in which the men are getting into form, they will be quite ready for warm weather and outdoor practice at the first opportunity afforded.

The Hartford High School has resigned from the Connecticut Interscholastic Football Association, and will probably enter the league now being formed by Trinity.

The New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association meet will be held at Worcester Oval May 12, and the bicycle events will be run off at Charles River Park, Boston, on the morning of the same day. This is a new move, and was made necessary by the poor facilities of the Worcester cinder track for bicycle racing.

The Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave a concert in Bridgeport the evening of Washington's Birthday, and the Mandolin Club appeared at the Parkville School Tuesday Evening, February 27. On both occasions the clubs were most favorably received, and encores were frequent. During the absence of D. L. Schwartz, 1900, the Mandolin Club is being led by E. L. Simonds, 1900.

The Toucey Scholarship in the class of 1902 has been awarded to Marshall Bowyer Stewart.

The prize oratorical contest for the Whitlock prizes was held in Alumni Hall, March 9, an account of which will appear in a later issue.

Trinity and Wesleyan will play football in Hartford, October 27. This will be the first game between these colleges since 1898.

The baseball management has arranged a game with the Georgetown University of Washington, D. C., to be played at Trinity Field, May 25. One or two other games may be added to the schedule recently published, which was only provisional.

The 1901 "Ivy" board met on Friday afternoon, March 2. Work on the annual is progressing rapidly, and it is asked that all contributions, especially drawings, be submitted by April 1 at the latest.

The cold weather has interfered more or less with work on the Natural Science building, but the return of spring insures its completion and occupancy at an early date. It is expected that work in all the courses in Natural Science will begin in the new building next September. This building and the Jarvis laboratories will be heated by a single plant, a system which offers many advantages.

A college meeting, at which athletics and other matters were discussed, was held Monday morning, March 5.

The members of the Missionary Society have elected the following officers for Trinity Term: President, John G. McIlvaine, 1900; Vice-President, Frank S. Morehouse, 1901; Secretary, Henry L. G. Meyer, 1903; Treasurer, Robert B. Gooden, 1902; Chaplain, Rev. Thomas R. Pynchon.

The class of 1900 met Monday, March 5, and appointed committees on caps and songs. The seniors will wear their academic caps during Trinity term. This is a departure from the precedent established by '99 of wearing gowns as well as caps during the second term.

Professor J. J. McCook resumed his classes Monday, March 5, after an illness of two weeks, and his return was cordially welcomed.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES, TRINITY TERM:

Juniors

- No. 1.—(a) Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln as Typical Americans.
 No. 1.—(b) The Faust legend in literature. (Refer to Marlowe and Goethe).
 No. 2.—(a) The recent American historical novels ("Hugh Wynne," "Janice Meredith," "Richard Carvel," "To Have and To Hold").
 Consider all or any two. Is our past clearly conceived, etc.
 No. 2.—(b) Our Treatment of Porto Rico.

Freshmen.

- No. 1.—The Radical and Superficial Points of Contrast between Shakspeare and Milton.

No. 1 due April 3d.

No. 2 due May 15th.

Charles F. Johnson.

OLD-FASHIONED FOOTBALL

To the Editor of The Tablet:

DEAR SIR:—Among the Christmas presents there found its way into our house during the holidays a copy of "Forgotten Children's Books." It is an absurdly fascinating volume, full of impossible pictures, and yet indicating that a male relative of Mrs. Partington, whom I knew—I refer to the male relative—was right when he said, "Human nature is much the same in all ages; but

perhaps never more so than at present." Here, for example, is an account of football as it was played in England one hundred years ago. Has it really changed so much?

"The challenge is begun. Each side enters the list with hopes of victory. The ball flies from the foot. They run, they fly, they trip up each other, they fall; and happy is that party which in defiance of the strength, activity and art of their antagonists, rushes through the crowd, fears no colours, and carries off the ball with resistless strokes amidst the vanquished throng, without regard to friendship subsisting between him and his neighbors and fellows, Tom, Will, and Jack. He gives no quarter: every person and thing must give way to courage and the honours of the game.

"How lively do we see life figured in this exercise! There is nothing a man pursues in this world but he meets a rival: it becomes to them a ball of contention. And he who does not use his whole strength, diligence, and cunning to carry the point in view is sure to be deprived of the thing contended for. Therefore where interest or glory is at stake there is no regard to be paid to civility or friendship. All is just and right that can be obtained by honour and honesty."

This account of the pastime is thoroughly natural and intelligible. Perhaps we do not quite understand the words, "fears no colours." There may be here an allusion to the frequent black eye. And the second paragraph—is it not the germ of the customary after dinner speech on "College Athletics," from the member of the Graduate Advisory Committee?

F. S. L.

THE STROLLER

THE STROLLER, having accumulated 63 marks, deemed it advisable to renew his rather precarious acquaintance with the college chapel. Upon taking his seat the other morning he at once glanced around to accustom himself to his new surroundings. (As first impressions are apt to be exaggerated, perhaps THE STROLLER's remarks on this subject should be taken *cum grano salis*, especially by other than undergraduate readers.) Well, he had heard of a rule to the effect that the professors "shall attend the regular daily services in the chapel," but he was surprised to find the greater number of that highly

respected body painfully conspicuous by their absence. Stranger still was the garb worn by most of the students, some of them being clad in sweaters of all colors of the rainbow, without even the decent covering of a coat. At last Robert came in, and after the organist had been choked off by several digs and audible whispers, the service cast off and got under way. There seemed to be a confusion of pilots, for half the congregation started to pray, while the other half struck up a hymn. However, as the singers exerted the greater lung power they carried the day. But the singing—oh, the singing! If you are tired of life, or have the blues, come and hear the Trinity College chapel choir rip out a few chants. A few of the lyric warblers seemed to have mistaken the signals, for they were several notes away from one another and two or three miles from the suffering organist, who was doing all sorts of stunts in his vain endeavor to suit the various shades of time and harmony. THE STROLLER at first failed to comprehend why a hymn like "The day is past and over" should be sung at *morning* prayer; but as soon as he bethought himself of the delightful nonchalance and indolence of our choir he understood, and failed to marvel during the rest of the week at such selections as "Art thou weary, art thou languid?" "Oh, where shall rest be found?" and others. Then, too, he remembered how the choir had started examination week with "Lead, kindly light," and had signalized the Sunday after exams with "O, day of rest and gladness."

The hymn was finished triumphantly, with part of the choir singing the second verse and part the last. Prayers and psalms followed, the only marked irregularity being the reading of the psalms for the following day. Then the members of the choir continued their conversation with the men across the way, while some of them got out their books and poled away. The students themselves assumed all sorts of easy, lounging attitudes, reminding one more of a Turkish smoking parlor than of anything else. All this while one of the professors was advancing with slow and measured tread from the extreme end of the chapel to the lectern, and upon finally arriving he read the wrong lesson in a maddening monotone. Several of the professors seemed to disagree as to the right pace to set in going through other parts of the service, and one of them brought up at the tape several lengths behind. The exit from chapel was marked by the organ giving out suddenly in the midst of the rag-time recessional, while one of the juniors fell asleep and kept the whole college waiting till he was resuscitated. He explained afterwards that he had been waiting for the

seniors to go out, but as the two members of that class who attend chapel had taken their cut that morning he waited in vain. Yes, our chapel is a wonderful thing; but who says barbarism has been relegated to uncivilized nations? Or is it because we aren't civilized after all? Still, it's a "church college."

* * *

Nature is kind to us indeed, but THE STROLLER never came to such a thorough comprehension of that fact as he did on the first day of March, when he went out on the campus for a swim. "For a swim?" you say, "a swim on the first day of March?" Yes, that's the truth — don't you know the turn things have taken at Trinity? We have all heard that cleanliness is next to godliness, and if godliness is not made an act of volition at Trinity — compulsory chapel being in vogue — why should not cleanliness be placed on the same basis? So thought the elements on the first of March, and no sooner had they come to this conclusion than they forthwith proceeded to carry out their ideas, for such a rain storm as visited us on that day has seldom been encountered even in Connecticut, where, according to Mark Twain, there is a different kind of weather for each hour of the day. Thus it happened that the campus became a lake which connected with the swift-rolling waters of the ambitious "Hog" by means of a torrent, flowing down Vernon Street, encircling whole blocks in its cold, icy bosom. What peculiar sights met THE STROLLER's eyes as he went out to swim on that memorable day! There were the several members of a certain highly-respected body perched on a log over against the "Bishop," each wearing an old gold and blue bathing suit and preparing to dive off into the sluggish waters of our new-born lake. Out where the fence used to be were the members of the sophomore and freshmen classes getting ready for a swimming bout in the icy waters. They were nude except for trunks; the freshmen wearing green trunks to typify their verdancy, and the sophomores, red, the color of their infernal patron saint. But just as THE STROLLER began to think that Trinity was at last to have a real swimming tank and a course for the 'varsity crew, an encyclical was issued by the faculty to the effect that the waters must subside instantly. Alas for Trinity's prospective aquatic glory!

PERSONALS

A church is to be built in Philadelphia in memory of the late Rev. BENJAMIN WATSON, D. D., '38.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of Bishop SCARBOROUGH, '54, was observed on the 2d of February.

Among those of its members to whom the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution has voted medals on account of their service in the war with Spain, are Col. ROBERT W. HUNTINGTON, '64, and E. BRAINARD BULKELEY, '90.

The Rev. H. H. OBERLY, D. D., '65, is contributing to "The Living Church" a series of articles on the History of the Prayer Book.

The Rev. HENRY SWIFT, '69, Chaplain of the Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A. has contributed to the *Army and Navy Journal* an account of his experience as "exchange officer," which has attracted much attention. Mr. SWIFT was the first Toucey scholar in the college.

Bishop NICHOLS, '70, preached the commemorative sermon at the Semi-centennial Convention of the Diocese of California.

The address delivered by Judge JOSEPH BUFFINGTON, '75, in replying to the toast "Trinity College," at a banquet of college men in Pittsburgh, has been handsomely printed, with sketches by Frederick Earl Johnston.

J. R. PARSONS, JR., '81, has written a monograph on Professional Education in the United States, as one in a series of documents prepared by the Department of Education for the United States Commission to the Paris Exposition of 1900.

The address of the Rev. F. H. CHURCH, '82, is now College Point, N. Y.

W. D. MCCrackan, '85, has recently given in Middletown an illustrated lecture on the Swiss Peasantry.

GEORGE P. SHEARS, M. D., '85, Physician in the Mothers' and Babies' Hospital, is also Clinical Instructor in Obstetrics in Cornell University.

Married, in Buffalo, N. Y., January 22, 1900, the Rev. JOHN STOCKTON LITTELL, '90, and Miss GERTRUDE WILSON.

EDWIN R. LAMPSON, '91, has been graduated from St. Luke's Hospital, N. Y., and VICTOR C. PEDERSEN, '91, from the New York Hospital. Both are now internes at the Sloane Maternity Hospital, 447 West 59th Street, New York City.

The Rev. ROBERT WALKER, '91, has gone to Bermuda for his health.

Married, in Buffalo, N. Y., January 13th, BURTON PARKER, '93, and Miss MILDRED EVELYN BRESLYN.

The Rev. THOMAS A. CONOVER, '90, and the Rev. SAMUEL H. JOBE, 93, are engaged in mission work in northern New Jersey, with headquarters at Trenton.

On the 25th of November last the Rev. S. HUNTINGTON LITTELL, '95, was ordained to the priesthood in the Church of the Nativity, Wuchang, China, the whole service being in the Chinese language.

ERNEST DE K. LEFFINGWELL, '95, has recently returned from a European trip and resumed his studies at the University of Chicago, in preparation for the degree of Ph. D.

ALFRFD H. WEDGE, '95, is now teaching languages in Grammar School 45, Brooklyn, N. Y.

From Jacob A. Riis' article, "Justice for the Boy," in the Atlantic Monthly, November 1899, we clip the following, in reference to DAVID WILLARD, '95:

"For nearly two years the Public Education Association has kept school in the Tombs, for the boys locked up there awaiting trial. . . . Their teacher, Mr. David Willard, who was a resident of the University Settlement in its old Delancy Street home . . . has his own sound view of how to head off the hang-man. Daily and nightly he gathers about him in the house on Chrystie Street, where he makes his home, three hundred boys and girls, whom he meets as their friend, on equal terms. The club is the means of getting them there, and so it is in its right place."

JOHN R. BENTON, '97, is pursuing his studies at the University of Göttingen, and expects to take his doctor's degree in the spring.

AUSTIN COLE, '98, is with the Antelope Valley Land and Irrigation Company, California.

J. B. BUNN, ex-'99, is engaged in the real estate business in New York City.

R. H. MECHTOLD, ex-'99, is in the brokerage business in New York City.

CURTIS SMITH, '99, has been visiting friends in college.

EVERETT E. STACEY, ex-1901, is teaching school in Langley, Va.

BOOK REVIEWS

To Have and To Hold. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The deserved and best praise we can give Miss Johnston's second effort in the field of American historical romance is to say that it affords another telling argument against those over-elegant critics who never tire of asserting that our country has no fit traditions or antiquities upon which to base imaginative works of the first order. The Revolution settings of some of Cooper's best tales, Hawthorne's incomparable *Scarlet Letter* and *House of Seven Gables*, or Thackeray's perennially charming *Virginians* would alone seem sufficient to have refuted this persistent literary untruth. Fortunately, some of the best of our younger writers have at last thrown it quite out of court, and, to name no others, the recent books of Gilbert Parker, Mrs. Catherwood and Dr. Weir Mitchell have shown what excellent results may be obtained by working the rich vein of romance in the story of American exploration, discovery, settlement and later history. Miss Johnston is the latest, and by no means the least, addition to this group, and her *To Have and To Hold* is unquestionably one of the best American novels written within the last decade. It is a story of the early days of the English settlement of Virginia, in which several historical characters figure—notably Rolfe, husband of Pocahontas; and the successive scenes of the splendidly vivid drama reflect the whole range of chivalric love, passionate hate, knightly devotion, Elizabethan courtesy, bravery and dare-devil recklessness, together with Indian treachery and the glamour and seamy side of West Indian

piracy. Though conceived on a large scale, the plot is admirably handled and the interest is retained to the last page. The style is full of force and vigor, but always restrained and well controlled. Miss Johnston has been particularly successful in conveying to her story the tone and atmosphere of the times of which she treats. Only those who have gone over the same ground will adequately appreciate the accuracy with which she reflects the spirit of those days as seen and felt in their records and literature. And it is doubly gratifying that so good a book should meet with such immediate success as this has, without the aid of that pernicious commercial "booming" now so much in vogue in publishing articles.

The Hero of Manila. By Rossiter Johnson. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This book deals in the most entertaining manner with episodes and stories of the life of our great naval hero. Admiral Dewey's character is well portrayed, and the biography is most interesting throughout.

Successward. By Edward Bok. Doubleday & McClure.

This book deals with subjects which are of especial interest to all young men, and the advice which it contains is excellent indeed. The author is the editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal" and a successful business man, and hence well-fitted to handle the subject of the battles of life. All the topics discussed are taken up in an exceedingly practical manner.

Theodore Beza, the Counsellor of the French Reformation. By Henry Martyn Baird. The Macmillan Co., New York.

Professor Baird, in writing a life of the hero of the French Reformation, has encountered a difficult task and has performed it well. Having only a small amount of material from which to draw for his data on this subject, the author has nevertheless collected information from various sources and put it into exceedingly interesting form. Professor Baird's writings on the history of the Huguenots are so well known that we take pleasure in receiving from his pen a contribution which easily surpasses in literary merit his previous works.

The Kipling Birthday Book. Compiled by Joseph Finn. Doubleday & McClure, New York.

This work follows the usual plan of books of this nature, having appropriate quotations for each day of the year. Kipling being one of the most popular authors of the time the "Birthday Book" supplies an existing want.

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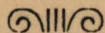
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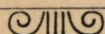


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